

NANCE'S

Blood and Tonic Pills.

A Remedy that will help you.

Contains Iron in combination with other valuable tonic and blood purifying agents. We recommend it for all conditions arising from bad and impoverished blood, indicated in loss of appetite, listlessness, lack of vitality, loss of energy, blotches, pimples, and general anaemic conditions.

Monroe Drug Co.

Our Special Sale

There will be 365 Days Of It. Why Not?

When you are doing a business on a cash basis, the only basis upon which special sales can be conducted? And, if **SHORT PROFITS AND QUICK TURNOVERS** are profitable to all concerned why make these joy seasons an annual, semi-annual, monthly or week-end practice; why not push the good work indefinitely? We are doing it. We entered business and commenced our Special Sale on this platform March 1st. We are well pleased with results being accomplished. We guarantee every article sold to be as represented and will gladly refund money if it proves to the contrary. We appreciate every nickel you spend with us and will try to show it by giving you better service and goods at a closer margin of profit than you can get elsewhere.

BENTON'S CASH STORE,
Phone No. 178. Old Postoffice Building.

MADE RIGHT HERE IN MONROE.

Coca-Cola

"THE FAMOUS UNIVERSAL DRINK."

Delivered in case lots to dealers in Monroe and surrounding localities.

MONROE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

F. N. SNYDER, Manager.

Phone 340.

Monroe, N. C.

- Get rid of dandruff -

it makes the scalp itch and the hair fall out. Be wise about your hair, cultivate it, like the women in Paris do. They regularly use

ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE

the wonderful French Hair Tonic. Try it for yourself. Note its exquisite quality and fragrance. Aristocratic men and women the world over use and endorse this famous preparation. It keeps the scalp clean and white and preserves the youthful brilliancy of the hair. Buy a 50c bottle from your dealer—or send 10c to our American Offices for a testing bottle. Above all things don't neglect your hair.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Dept. M

ED. PINAUD Bldg., New York



Beautiful Bust and Shoulders are possible if you will wear a scientifically constructed **Bien Jolie Brassiere**. The dragging weight of an unconfined bust so stretches the supporting muscles that the contour of the figure is spoiled.

BIEN JOLIE
BRASSIERES

put the bust back where it belongs, prevent the full bust from having the appearance of a business, eliminate the danger of dragging muscles and confine the flesh of the shoulder giving a graceful line to the entire upper body. They are the daintiest and most serviceable garments imaginable—come in all materials and styles: Cross Back, Hook Front, Surplice, Bandeau, etc. Boned with "Waiohn," the rustless boning—permitting washing without removal. Have your dealer show you **Bien Jolie Brassieres**, if not stocked, we will gladly send him, prepaid, samples to show you.

BENJAMIN & JOHNS

31 Warren Street

Newark, N. J.

My Favorite Song.

The Songs of Old as Furnished by The Journal's Readers.

Editor's Note—The Journal wishes to print the favorite songs and poems of its readers. Many of our subscribers, especially among the older ones, have scrap books in which they have preserved the songs of their childhood, and many of these will be of interest to the present younger generation. Just mail your favorite song to "The Song Editor of The Journal," and sign your name to it. It will then be published.

Mrs. S. M. Paterson, R. 9, sends the following:

"In the Shadow of the Pine."
We wandered in the shadow of the pine,
My love and I,
As the wind was blowing freshly from the sea;
But a sudden fitful darkness strode across the summer sea,
And a shadow came between my love and I.

Some hasty words were spoken and were almost unheeded.
Hasty answers to unthinking anger lead;
But my heart felt bitter longing.
And my weeping and my prayers,
Ne'er can make these false and cruel words unsaid.

CHORUS.

Come back to me, sweetheart,
And love me as before;
Come back, back to me, sweetheart,
And leave me never more.
In life's dull pathway,
The sun no longer shines;
Come, love, and meet me
In the shadow of the pines.

Mrs. Sallie Keziah, Monroe R. F. D. 6, sends two songs of her girlhood days, "The Fatal Wedding" and "Will You Love Me When I Am Old?"

The Fatal Wedding.

The wedding bells were ringing,
On a moonlight winter's night;
The church was decorated,
All within was gay and bright.
A mother with her baby came
And saw these lights aglow;
She thought of how the same bells chimed
For her, three years ago.

While the wedding bells were ringing,
While the bride and groom were there,
Marching up the isles together,
While the organ pealed an air,
Telling tales of fond affection,
Vowing never more to part,
Just another fatal wedding,
Just another broken heart!

"I'd like to be admitted, sir,"
She begged of the sexton old,
"Just for the sake of baby,
To protect him from the cold."
But he told her that the wedding was for the rich and grand,
And with the eager, watching crowd outside, she'd have to stand.

She begged the sexton once again
To let her step inside,
"For baby's sake you may come in,"
The gray-haired man replied.
"If any one knows reason why
This couple should not wed,
Speak, now, or else forever hold
Your peace," the preacher said.

"I must object," a woman cried,
Her voice so meek and mild.
"The bridegroom is my husband, sir,
And this our little child."
"What proof have you?" the preacher asked.
"My baby, sir," she cried,
And knelt to pray to God in heaven.
The little one had died.

The parents of the bride then took
The outcast by the arm,
"We'll care for you through life,"
they said;
"You've saved our child from harm.
The parents, bride and outcast wife
In a carriage rolled away.
The bridegroom died by his own hand
Before the break of day.

No wedding feast was spread that night,
Two graves were made next day.
In one the little baby
And in one the father lay.
The story has been oftentimes told
By presides warm and bright.
Of bride and groom and outcast wife,
And that fatal wedding night.

Will You Love Me When I Am Old?
I would ask you, my darling,
A question, soft and low.
That gives me many a headache,
As the moments come and go.
Your love I know is truthful,
Yet the truest love grows cold.
It is this I would ask you:
Will you love me when I'm old?
It is this that I would ask you:
Will you love me when I'm old?
CHORUS:
Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its evening bells be toll'd,
And my heart will know no sadness,
If you love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of life together,
We are sailing side by side,
Hoping some bright day to anchor
Safe beyond the surging tide.
Today our sky is cloudless,
But the night may clouds unfold,
And its storms may gather 'round us.
Will you love me when I'm old?

CHORUS

When my hair shall shame the snow-drifts,
And my eyes shall dimmer grow,
I would lean upon some loved one,
In the valley as I go.
I would claim of you a promise,
Worth to me a world of gold:
It is only this, my darling,
That you love me when I'm old;
It is only this, my darling,
That you'll love me when I'm old.
CHORUS:

Mrs. H. A. Starnes sends in the following:

Kiss Me, Mother.

Kiss me, mother; kiss your darling.
Lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me—
I am weary, let me rest.
Scenes of life are swiftly fading,
Brighter seems the other shore;

I am standing by the river,
Angels wait to waft me o'er.

Kiss me, mother; kiss your darling.
Breathe a blessing on my brow,
For I'll soon be with the angels.
Fainter grows my breathing now;
Tell the loved ones not to murmur;
Say I died a flag to save,
And that I shall slumber sweetly
In a soldier's honored grave.

Oh, how dark this world is growing!
Hark! I hear the angel band.
How I long to join their number
In that fair and happy land.
Hear you not that heavenly music,
Floating here so soft and low?
I must leave you; farewell, mother;
Kiss me before I go.

Mrs. Alice Richardson of Rock Hill sends the following:

Two women at the window sat,
One bright and pleasant day,
And sighed to see a wretched man
Move slowly on his way.

With bloated face and tangled hair,
And trembling steps he came,
For in that man there ever burns
A fearful quenchless flame.

"What can we do for him they cried?
Our pleadings are in vain.
Tis useless now to speak a word,
But we can pray again."

Then one of Christ's own little ones,
Who stood at mother's knee
Said, "I'll go and speak, mama,
Perhaps he will listen to me."

"I'll fill my pitcher at the spring
With pure cold water sweet,
And then I'll wait until he comes,
Then go, poor John to meet."

Then on her errand quick she sped,
Love took away all fear.
She filled her pitcher at the spring,
And soon his steps drew near.

He raised his eyes, before him stood
A gentle loving child
With pleading eyes and golden hair,
An aspect sweet and mild.

"Who sent you here," he gruffly said,
"Why! Jesus bade me come,
He wanted you to drink of this
And then go right home."

He took the pitcher from her hand
And quickly drained it dry.
Then lifted up his bloated face
To the over hanging sky.
And said, bear witness here my God,
Whom thou hast sent to me,

A little angel from above,
Once more to set me free.
I'll drink no more from this glad hour;
The rest of life's brief span
I'll look to thee to give me strength
Once more to be a man.

The child had fled, her work was done;
I tell the tale to you:
How much a little child can do
If filled with Jesus' love.

Mrs. H. M. Furr sends,

The Sword of Bunker Hill.
He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.

Weep not my son, the veteran said,
I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from your anthers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill.

The sword was brought—the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade
He murmured "Warren's!"

Then said, "my boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Twas on that dread immortal day
I dared the Britons' band,
A captain raised this blade on me,
I tore it from his hand.

"And while the glorious battle raged
It lightened freedom's will
For boy the God of freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword," his accents broke,
A smile and he was dead.
But his wrinkled hand still grasped
The blade
Upon that dying bed.

The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

The Talk OF The Town

That is what our delicious ice cream is.

The ladies are so well pleased with it that many of them will not consider having any other. We make the finest block cream to be had and supply it in any amounts.

A FULL LINE OF FIRST CLASS GROCERIES, COUNTRY PRODUCE AND FINE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES ALWAYS ON HAND.

N. D. Saleeby.

PHONE 129.

Wesley Chapel High School.

This school now offers a course in Mathematics, Languages, Science, History, English, Music, and Agriculture that will thoroughly prepare its pupils for business life or for college.

There are no charges for tuition in the High School Department. Music, \$3.00 per month, or two from same family, \$5.00 per month. Board in dormitories at actual cost. Summer term opens July 17.

For further information address the Principal,
E. P. MENDENHALL, Monroe, N. C., R. F. D. 5.

Your Money Draws Interest

When it is in the Savings Department of this Bank. It earns nothing when carried around in your pocket.

The Savings, Loan and Trust Co.

R. B. REDWINE, President.

H. B. CLARK, Cashier.

ONE THING THAT MUST BE GOOD

Everybody demands it, and justly so.

It is

FLOUR

That is the kind this mill makes.

INVINCIBLE

is the thing. "Made in Monroe."

The Henderson Roller Mills

MONROE, N. C.

AT THIS STORE

Quality Will Please You

—AND—

Price Will Tickle You.

Yes, that is a broad statement, but not one whit too sweeping for either our goods or our prices, or both. Our goods are too pure and wholesome for us to ever have to "eat our words."

Grocery Buying is Easy Here

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE CHANCES ON THE QUALITY, FOR WE SELL ONLY ONE KIND—HIGH GRADE—THE KIND THAT PLEASES YOU AND CAUSES YOU KEEP RIGHT ON COMING HERE AND YOU KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THE PRICE WILL TICKLE ANY ECONOMICAL BUYER.

WHEN YOU WANT TO BE BOTH PLEASED AND TICKLED, JUST COME TO US. YOU'LL KEEP ON COMING.

T. C. Lee & Co.

Phone 255.

Always Looking Out for Our Customers.

This store is the general trading place for large numbers of people and it is our aim to supply all the needs of the home and farm.

We are adding a full line of staple dry goods and will be able to supply all your wants.

We also have a big job lot of shoes for men and women. All sizes and for both work and dress.

In due time we will add a full line of all kinds of farm seeds.

Don't fail to come to see us when you are in Monroe.

CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE CO.

Same Stand.

Roland Williams, Manager.